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Judge

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THE GENTLEMAN FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Judge

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IF THERE IS any horse-sense lying around loose in the Tillman family it is evidently of the horseless order.

* * *

IT IS NOW the opinion of many long-headed, far-sighted political philosophers that in 1904 David B. Hill will be the man who will be successful in leading the Democratic party to defeat.

* * *

TILLMAN, the suave and urbane cavalier from South Carolina, is an acknowledged master of phrase. He is a saccharine bombshell of philology that will not remain pent up, inasmuch as he insists upon bursting at intervals and scattering himself, like the odor of the breeze-burst rose, over as much space as possible. His verbal construction is of the subtlest quality, and his epigram is that of one who handles the rapier of wit with the skill and grace of an adept. His sentences, poetically rounded, are like honeyed music dallying on a bed of moon-kissed carnations. In his art he is a unique embodiment of strength and grace, being at once the towering oak and the lissom rose-tree, the howling cyclone and the languid zephyr. All of which makes it seem grossly unfair and unjust that disgruntled critics should say that the mantle of the late Dennis Kearney, the San Francisco sand-lots orator, rests upon the shoulders of this paragon of polite statecraft, if for no other reason than that, compared with the South Carolinian, the picturesque fire-brand of sand-lot fame was in every sense of the term a Chesterfield.

THE EX-GOVERNOR of South Carolina with the dynamite mouth will be pretty safe in concluding that it will be a long, long time between White House invitations.

* * *

A PATIENT having been cured of small-pox by the witching strains of a violin, it seems not at all unlikely that it may ere long be discovered that music has a therapeutic value heretofore undreamed of. Music may in time become a most important branch of medical science, and the doctor of the future may, after diagnosing his case, take a violin or a cornet from his bag, as the case may demand, and render the wedding-march from "Lohengrin," or Schubert's "Serenade," according to the progress the malady has made. Different tunes rendered on different instruments, in various tempos, may become necessary at critical moments, and this will naturally develop a new science—that of writing musical prescriptions. Musical boxes and orchestrions may yet be used in hospital-wards, and the shops in which sheet-music and musical instruments are now dispensed are likely to be the drug-stores of the future. Patent music is a possible successor of patent medicine, and we may yet take a five-minute dose of "Lanigan's Ball" adagio, or a seven-minute-and-a-half dose of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" andante, for our neuritis or necrosis. Medical music and medical science will be one, and the scalpel will be supplanted by the mandolin, and the clinical thermometer by the piccolo.

* * *

ENGLAND now rejoices and glories in what may in a sense be termed the tunnel cure, inasmuch as it has recently been discovered that the gases of the underground railroads of London have a healing quality that makes them a sure cure for croup and many other maladies which infantile flesh is heir to. Perhaps science, which is ever busy and on the alert to add another jewel to its crown, will discover that tunnel air is really superior to mountain air as a pulmonary healer. If the consensus of medical opinion should be in favor of tunnel over mountain air for throat and lung affections it may come to pass that some benefactor will build a tunnel sanitarium whose sulphurous gases will quite eclipse the system of oxygen treatment now in vogue. Railroads might then find it to their pecuniary advantage to run under and not over mountains, inasmuch as a flying trip through one of a considerable length has been known to cure cases of whooping-cough. Special trains at special rates would be much cheaper than drugs, and people of superfluous wealth might subscribe to a sanitary fund to send out a train a day, even as they supply the minted gold during the heated term to send a steamboat load of city urchins to the seashore. Tunnel air may yet be transmitted through pipes to hospitals and private houses, and an analysis of the air itself may make it possible for the chemist to supply a tablet according to the same, which when burned will fill the room with an air that will at once clear the bronchial tubes and put the tracheotomy tube on the pension-list. Let us express a fervent wish that the medical value of tunnels and tunnel air may become known and understood beyond the tentative stage, and also that our own subway may become equally famous from the viewpoint of the physician and the soldier of business with a refractory throat.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

JONES—"Professor Hottaire thinks he has invented a flying-machine."
SMITH—"Has he tried it yet?"
JONES—"Oh, no. That's why he thinks he has invented a flying-machine."

COULDN'T FIGURE IT UP.

"WERE there any trillionaires in ancient Rome?" we asked of the astute antiquarian.

"I think not," he replied. "You see, with the Roman system of numerals it would have required a carload of chalk and a blackboard as long as from here to Halifax to enable a man to figure up the interest on a million denarii at eight per cent. for one year, six months and twenty days, and by the time he had summed it up and secured a telescope to see the beginning of his figures the borrower would have died of old age."

PRINCE SUNBEAM AWAKENING THE SLEEPING BEAUTY—SPRING.

ACCORDING TO SAINT PATRICK.

O'Toole—"I can always tell the real Irish whiskey."

Mulligan—"How?"

O'Toole—"Because it has no snakes in it."

AT THE PLAY.

Gladys—"That is the most realistic lawn I ever saw."

Reginald (floor-walker)—"It ought to be; it's made of grass cloth."

TO BOB EVANS.

BOB EVANS, you're a good un',
And here's our heart and hand.
Your glass was always ready
To toast the German band.
Bob Evans, you're a stayer,
You know your bus'ness, Bob,
And when there's comp'ny comin'
You'll always have a job.

IKEY'S FUTURE.

Einstein—"I shust dinks I'll make a farmer out of my leedle Ikey."

Zweistein—"Vot for you do dot?"

Einstein—"Vy, simply pecause I read in der paper dot der crops most usually alvays vas a failure."

SPRING.

DAME NATURE, too, is cleaning house,
For in each cool retreat
She puts her verdant carpet down—
The one that can't be beat.

EXPLICIT.

"IF ANY one asks for me, James, I shall be back in ten minutes," said Mr. Fosdick.

"Yes, sorr," replied the Irish office-boy; "and how soon will you be back if no one asks for you?"

PAINTING THE LILY.

MRS. COBWIGGER—"So your daughter is a great admirer of nature?"
MRS. PARVENUE—"Yes, indeed. Nothing pleases her so much as to gather wild flowers and grasses and then dye them all the colors of the rainbow."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

CARRIE DE MAR.

You are, in sooth, a histrionic nymph
That howling popularity pursues,
And, furthermore, you are the magic lymph
That sends away to Jericho the blues.
Unto the dopy dude you are a symph-
Ony that knocks asunder all his views
And makes him to himself with rapture say,
"Oh, Carrie, you are all the blooming play!"

As dear old Foxy Grandpa all the boys
And girls of tender years each day beguiles,
You e'er beguile the grown-ups, for their joys
Are due unto the sunshine of your smiles.
Within your hands they're but as painted toys,
And when they note your coy, elusive wiles
They shout, "Oh, Carrie, you're a superfine
Emulsion of the earthly and divine!"

THE MODERN VIOLENT WARD.

"THIS," explained the keeper as he led the visitors into a wing of the Nuttyville insane-asylum, "is the violent ward. When a patient gets most of the bricks loose in his chimney we put him in here so he can knock around against padded walls until he has the rest of them loose."

The visitors were indeed impressed. Yells and all sorts of weird sounds filled the corridors, and the babel of voices mingled such words as "help!" "murder!" "police!" "blast!" "look out for the automobile!" and like terrifying ejaculations.

They passed down the hallway and pausing before the first doorway, which was covered with a heavy wire screen, they beheld a man with a worried face standing in the centre of the room. He was talking, continually talking. Something like this:

"Three counters to the left, madam. Third aisle up, down two counters, lady. Hosiery? Second floor, first aisle in front of store. Tin cups? Basement, three aisles left of stairway. Stove-lid lifter? Four aisles over, five counters to left"—and this line of talk came pouring from him incessantly.

"He used to be a floor-walker at Jacy's dry-goods emporium," said the keeper. "Gets violent now and then, when he imagines some woman is coming up to him and asking him where she can find Mary Kennedy, who has been working at *some* counter for three days."

The visitors moved on to the next cage. In this room there was a man who seemed to be doing some sort of a new acrobatic dance or fandango. He would jump from one side of the room to the other and then back again, casting fearful glances over his shoulder all the while.

"This man," explained the keeper, "was a street-cleaner on Fifth avenue and they had to ship him out here to the nut farm because he thinks he is continually dodging automobiles, even in his sleep."

"How sad!" remarked the visitors. And they passed on.

On the floor of the next room there was a rug of many colors. Rolling about and writhing on it was a man whose wasted body betokened great sorrow and worry.

"Now watch this fellow," said the guide, and taking from his pocket a handkerchief, he tossed it to the violent patient. The insane man let forth a piercing yell and fell upon it like a hungry animal on a shank of beef. He held it before him and laughed in fiendish glee. Tearing it into shreds he tossed all the pieces, save one, about him on the floor. The remaining piece he clutched in his fingers and mumbling "No! no! no!" he would place it here and there on the many colors of the rug. "No! no! no!" he would cry and then he would pounce on another shred and with it go through the same performance.

"Under what hallucination does this man live?" asked a benevolent old lady who carried a lorgnette.

"This is a very sad case," replied the keeper sadly and with feeling. "This man used to try to match ribbons for his wife."

As one of the visitors left the building he brushed a mist from his eyes. He was married and he understood.

FRANK COREY VOORHIES.

APROPOS OF MATCH-MAKING.

THE LADY MATCH—"Darling, some silly people say matches are made in a factory."
THE GENT MATCH—"Sheer nonsense, dearest. *We* know they are made in heaven, don't we?"

SWELL PEOPLE.

ONE ON THE BURGLAR.

BURGLAR—"What are you grinning about? You seem to think it's quite a joke to be gagged like that."
SPEECHLIER (*in the sign language*)—"It is. I'm dumb, you lobster."

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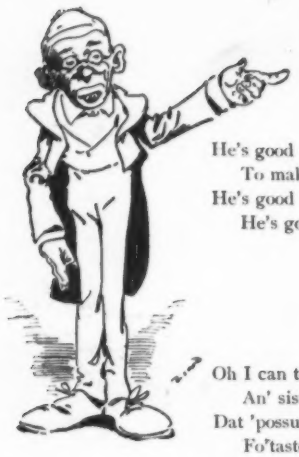
A GENTLE HINT.

FERDY—" I feel like an Indian, to-night, bah Jove!"
GLADYS—" Well, don't 'camp on my trail' any longer, please!"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is a competition for amateur artists. JUDGE will pay **TEN DOLLARS** for the best hand-colored copy of the above drawing. On receipt of ten cents in stamps a special hand-proof of the drawing, printed in black outline upon Steinbach water-color paper, will be sent to any address. This special proof is to be colored by hand by the amateur artist in water-colors, crayon, or oil, and must be sent to us by mail, postage prepaid, addressed to the Judge Art Department, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. No copy other than the special proof-copy can be used in this competition.



'POSSUM.

DE 'POSSUM am de best t'ing
What scampers in de wood;
He's juicy an' he's meller,
An' oh! he's drefful good.

He's good wid watermillion,
To make yo' dance an' sing;
He's good wid yam an' hoecake—
He's good wid anyting.

An' ef yo' git jes' 'possum,
Wid gravy thick an' brown,
Oh nebber ask fo' nuffin'
To wash de critter down.

Oh I can tell yo', brudders
An' sisters, in a trice,
Dat 'possum am a sorter
Fo'taste ob paradise.

So make yo'r great endebbors
To keep de narrer paff,
An' some day lib on 'possum
An' 'scape de awful wraff.

NOT SUFFICIENTLY LUXURIANT.

"I HAVEN'T the face to do it." Miss Manly scanned her physiognomy as it was reflected in the glass, carefully stroking the downy upper lip. "It is really too bad, too," she mused. "I need the money, and the work would be easy. But I have not the face to do it." Then she wrote to the manager of the dime-museum, declining his offer to serve as the bearded lady.

NOTHING LIKE NOTHING.

SHE—"Do you believe in that old saying, 'Blessed be nothing'?"
HE—"Yes, indeed. There's nothing like it for keeping a chap single."

SHE HAD NO DESIRE TO BE COMPLIMENTARY.

MR. JONSING—"Why doan' yo' call me a hobo an' be done wid it?"
MRS. JONSING—"'Cause dis ain't no aftah-dinnah bokay talk. I's knockin' now, not handin' yo' vi'lets."

THE SAME TO HIM.

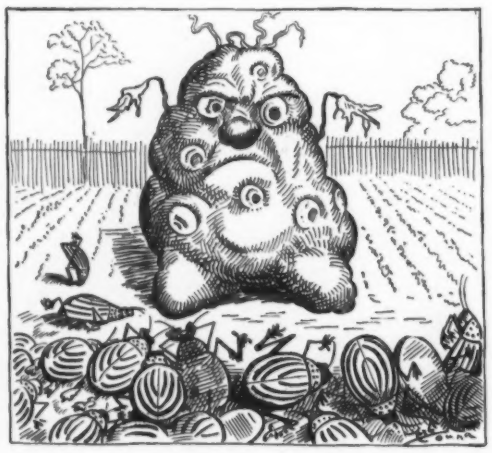
"OUR types," wrote the editor of the Bowersville *Clarion*, "last week made us refer to the fact that Mr. Lemuel Higgins expected a visit from his 'brother-in-law' instead of his 'mother-in-law.' We have offered to correct the error in this issue, but Mr. Higgins manifests considerable indifference, and has purchased several copies of last week's issue to send to his wife's folks."

TAKING NO CHANCES.

"NO, thank you," said the fox to the sick lion; "I don't think I'll come in. I observe that all the footprints about the entrance to your cave point inward."

"That is easily explained," replied the lion. "As I am king of beasts, it is quite natural that my subjects should walk backward when leaving my presence."

The explanation seemed plausible enough, but the fox had his doubts.



THE POTATO WITH THE FIERCE HYPNOTIC EYES.

How he prevented an army of bugs from attacking an acre of his kind.

THAT BLACK EYE.

Friend—"Hullo, Moike! Phwat's th' matther wid yer eye?"

Mike—"Sure, it's in mourning."

Friend—"Who fer?"

Mike—"Hooligan. 'Twas he thot hit me, an' his funeral is to-morrer."

HARD LUCK.

MR. BEAR—"Well, did you ever see such luck? That's the fattest boy I've seen for years, and me with my both hands full. That's what I get for marrying."

NATURALLY.

MRS. BENHAM—"I'm so happy! Mother is coming to visit us."
BENHAM—"It takes more than that to make me happy."

MARJORIE IN LENT.

LISTEN to deare Marjorie,
In a pious moode:
"Nowe that solemn Lente is come,
I shall be so goode!
I shall hie me to ye churche
Everie single daye;
Oh, howe holie I shall be!
Oh, howe I shall praye!"

Hark ye, nowe, howe I reply
To mye Marjorie:
"Surelie you shall speede to Mass
And to litanie.
But, deare dimpled, winsome maide,
Lovelie, sweete and quainte,
You *can't* be better during Lente—
You're all the yeare a sainte!"

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

PROSPERITY.

Solomon—"Got much peesness on hand dose days?"

Einstein—"Yes, lots of it. Vy, I have peesness to purn."

TOURIST—"Now, what I want is a horse which, while not being vicious, will have some snap to him."
RATTLESNAKE RALPH—"Seein' them 's yer sentiments, stranger, thet animile will jest about fit you.——

——Go easy with him, pardner, at fust, an' he'll be over thet flurry in a minnit."

ALWAYS IS.

TO CELEBRATE Saint Patrick's day
We herewith would suggest,
For decorative purposes,
The long green is the best.

LOGICAL.

Lady (to woman whose husband has just been sent to jail for wife-beating)—"Why do you think your husband will miss you?"

Woman—"He'll miss me because he can't hit me."

IN LENT.

TO CLOTHE the heathen Phyllis now
An earnest wish professes;
Yet out of church her mind at once
Reverts to Easter dresses.

TOURIST—"I think he is about over it now——

——except this part——

——or perhaps this.——

——That horse may be all right for your gentle ways, but ye can see fer yerself he'd never do fer my kind of work."

RIGHT IN HIS LINE.

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THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE

UNCLE SAM—"In spite of the introduction of such sound material from the old Republican platform

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OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

ublican platform of 1900, I tell you, gentlemen, *that* mule can never walk to the White House."

MR. TELLIT ON PERPETUAL LIFE.

AN IRISH BULL.

"THAT is a great discovery of Dr. Loeb's," said Mr. Tellit, laying down his paper.

"Is he the new doctor that has rented the place around the corner?" asked Mrs. Tellit, who was trying to match a sea-green velvet with a gobelin-blue ribbon.

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Tellit. "Dr. Loeb lives in Chicago, or somewhere out there, and he declares that he has dis"——

"Now, Henry, are you reading one of those patent-medicine testimonials? You know they always get you so worked up that you imagine you see specks before your eyes and have dull pains in your back, and all that."

"Woman!" ejaculated Mr. Tellit with fine scorn. "If you could ever learn to restrain your impulse to return a verdict before the evidence is presented you might get a job on a jury some day."

"Well, who is Dr. Loeb, and what has he discovered, anyhow?" asked Mrs. Tellit, abstractedly searching through her work-basket for the piece of pink eiderdown that had been left from little Josie's jacket.

"Dr. Loeb," remarked Mr. Tellit, "has discovered the secret of perpetual life. He says that death may easily be combatted, as it is merely an active principle that is born into the system with the germ of life, and that all that is necessary is to encourage the life germ and take steps to defeat the death impulse, and the result is that one will live forever."

Mrs. Tellit fished up a handful of odd buttons from the depths of her work-basket, and mildly asked:

"And how is he going to do that?"

"MONKEY BUSINESS."

science of life, and not the chatter of the kitchen. Can't you get your mind above"——

"Well, how did this Dr. Loeb find out so much?"

"With the eggs of the sea urchin. He has discovered that his system of perpetuating life will render them proof against death or decay, and"——

"Sea urchin?" asked Mrs. Tellit. "Well, I just know that that grocer of ours must have an inkling of Dr. Loeb's system and he is working it on hen eggs. Why, that dozen he delivered to-day had been in cold storage for a year, at least."

Then Mr. Tellit picked up his paper again and sighed a deep, sad sigh, while his wife pondered over a paper pattern that she had once cut out, but couldn't remember what it was for now.

W. D. NESBIT.

SUPERLATIVE DISPARAGEMENT.

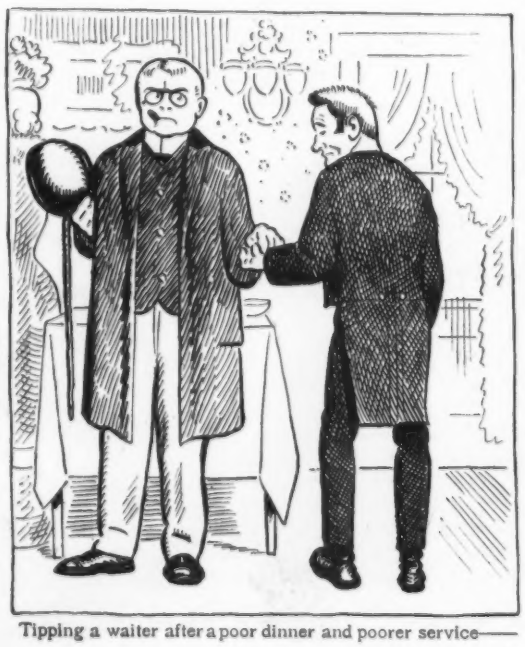
'RASTUS BOWLEGS—"Wha' doan' yo' pick out dis pickaninny fo' yo' beau, honey?"

HONEY (*witheringly*)—"De ideah! Me pick a ninny pickaninny laik yo'? Whut! hab a beau ter beau me around wot's so bow-laigged as yo'? Wha'"—— (*But 'Rastus had fled.*)

HER SENSE OF DUTY.

Madge—"She refused him last night."

Marjorie—"So he was her Lenten sacrifice."

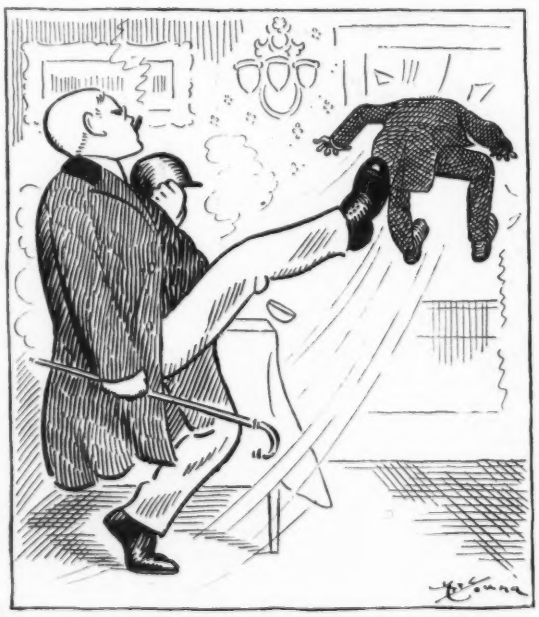


Tipping a waiter after a poor dinner and poorer service——

"Electricity," said Mr. Tellit. "Electricity is life. It is the active agent in all our sensations and actions. Our nerves are merely a gelatinous substance, and when they do not cohere properly we become comatose, but if they can be forced to assume a jellified condition, then the electrical impulses from the brain are carried through them just like the shiver from one side of a chunk of jelly to the other, and we are alive and in good order. But if they don't"——

"Mother used to have the best recipe for making things jell," interrupted Mrs. Tellit. "It was"——

"Madam, this is the



——when this would have expressed his true feelings.

WHAT A MAN DOES, AND WHAT HE *FEELS* LIKE DOING.

They were both her friends, of course.

"Do you think," asked he, "that she is as old as she looks?"

"She tries not to look it," replied she, "so she must be."

Feminine perspicacity transcends masculine reasoning.—*Indianapolis News.*

"For a defeated man you seem to be rather happy."

"Yes," replied the politician, "we went down to defeat, of course, but when I see the other fellows trying to make the fourteen offices that are outside of civil service do for 840 clamorous men, somehow I can't feel so awfully unhappy about it."—*Chicago Post.*

Housekeeper—"Ice will be very cheap next summer, won't it?"

Iceman—"Well, I don't know, mum. You see we've got a good deal of dear ice left over from the year before, and we'll have to sell that first, because it might spoil, you know, and I'm afraid by the time the old stock is gone the cheap ice will all be melted."—*New York Weekly.*

"I see," remarked the man who reads, "that Great Britain has refused the peace terms."

"Yes," said the man who doesn't; "it wasn't a big enough piece."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"What is the matter, darling?"
"I couldn't see anything last night at the circus."
"Don't cry any more, my child. I am going to buy you a Flammarion opera-glass at Meyrowitz's, New York City."

"Do you ever have any quarrels in your woman's club?"

"Oh, no; we call them 'debates.'"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Before Retiring—After a Late Supper,
Dr. Siegert's Genuine Imported Angostura Bitters.

Wife—"You haven't used any of those cigars I bought for you."

Husband—"No; I am keeping them for Tommy when he wants to learn to smoke."—*Los Angeles Times.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures a cough or cold in short order. One bottle of this wonderful remedy will effect a cure. It is absolutely the best cough syrup made. Price, 25 cents.

"Ah!" sighed the young widow, "no other man can ever fill poor John's place. I loved him from the bottom of my heart."

"Of course," rejoined the sympathetic friend, "but you know there is always room at the top."—*Chicago News.*

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is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.

"Rounder has written a rather clever little book, 'Don'ts for Club Men.'"

"Huh! The don'ts don't worry me half as much as the dues."—*Philadelphia Press.*

That lost appetite easily restored by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Take none but the genuine. At grocers' and druggists'.

"What's the matter with that neighbor of yours? He's raging around like a crazy lion, declaring he'll slaughter the whole family."

"Oh, his children annoy him so that he can't keep his mind on the universal peace pamphlet he is working at."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

To preserve one's health is a sure way of adding to the enjoyment of living.

A BOTTLE of EVANS' ALE

Aids in its attainment and provides the best health insurance.

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MANUFACTURE YOUR OWN TOILET WATERS, MADE IN ALL THE POPULAR ODORS. FAR SUPERIOR TO BAY-RUM OR WITCH-HAZEL. SAMPLE SENT SUFFICIENT TO MAKE 1 PT. HIGH GRADE TOILET WATER FREE.
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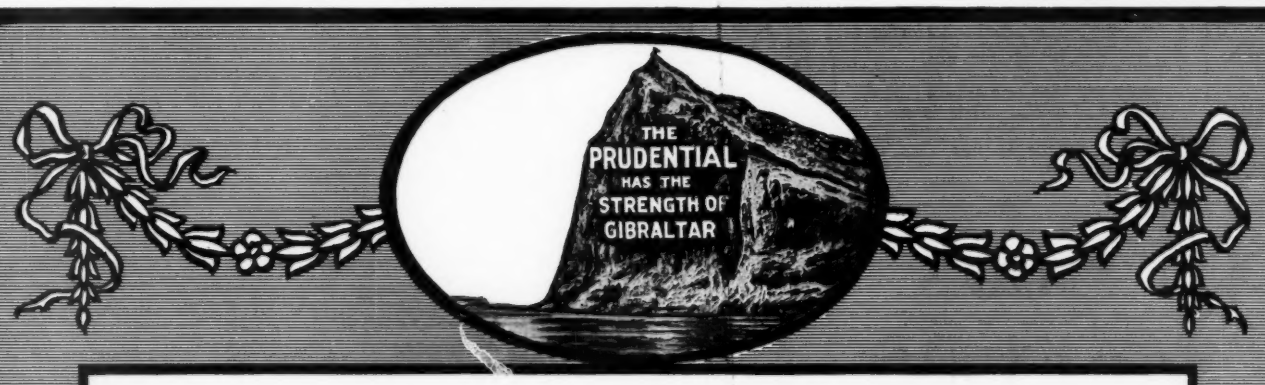

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BALTIMORE
Rye

is the best known whiskey.

It is The First Sought and The First Bought

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"Why, Paula, you look so unhappy, and only four weeks married!"

"Oh, Emma, I've been treated shamefully! I had been begging my husband to buy me a new hat, but he refused, and just as I was going to faint, in order to bring him to terms, what do you think? —he fainted!"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Sohmer & Co. find it almost impossible to keep pace with the inpouring torrent of orders. The fame of the Sohmer Piano is now world-wide, and the demand for the instrument is almost universal.

"Didn't you promise me not to do it again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, didn't I promise to whip you if you did?"

"Yes, sir; but as I didn't keep my promise, I won't hold you to yours."—*Indianapolis News.*

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Ada—"And then?"

Laura—"Well, she will know better next time."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

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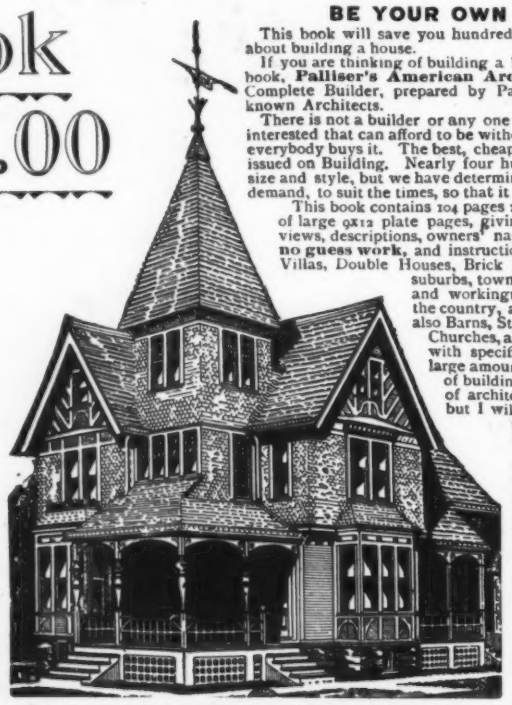

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MISS GOLLUP—"You have made quite a record with your automobile, Mr. Rush."
MOBILE RUSH—"Oh, rather fair. Three killed and twenty maimed for life."

CORRECT ANSWERS TO JUDGE'S Picture Puzzles IN CONTEST No. 1.

The following are the correct answers to the twenty-four puzzles comprising JUDGE's Picture Puzzles, Contest No. 1.

The names of those who have been successful in solving the puzzles will be published in next week's JUDGE (No. 1067).

1. Leslie's Weekly.
2. Munsey's.
3. Century Magazine.
4. Collier's Weekly.
5. Ladies' Home Journal.
6. Harper's Weekly.
7. Setter.
8. Pointer.
9. Pug.
10. Boston Bull.
11. Skye Terrier.
12. Great Dane.
13. Cedar.
14. Birch.
15. Locust.
16. Hemlock.
17. Sycamore.
18. Chestnut.
19. A Soldier of Virginia.
20. The Right of Way.
21. D'ri and I.
22. In Name of Woman.
23. A Tory Lover.
24. The Portion of Labor.

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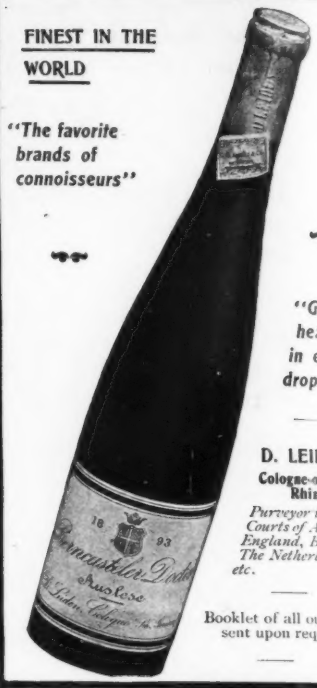

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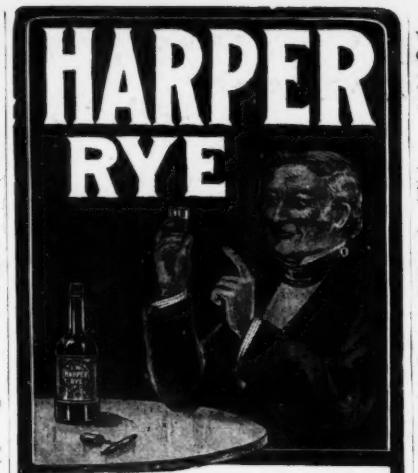

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Grimes—"Funny about some women! You remember Mrs. Manning married her husband to reform him?"

Youks—"Yes; I think I heard something of that sort."

Grimes—"Well, now she complains that he isn't a bit like the man she married."—*Boston Transcript.*

"What's worrying you?" they asked of the convalescent invalid.

"I am trying," she answered thoughtfully, "to make up my mind whether I am at a sanitarium or a sanatorium."—*Chicago Post.*

"Have you got what they call tabledy hote dinners at this eatin' house?" asked the man in the bearskin overcoat.

"No, sir."

Stepping to the door, he beckoned to somebody on the outside.

"Come in, 'Mandy," he said. "They eat in English here."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"I see by the paper that the French people have introduced automobiles into their army."

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Gracious! Can't they kill 'em off quick enough with guns?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"She has beautiful Titian hair, hasn't she?"

"Oh, no; I believe the firm's name is Dyer & Wigley."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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2nd Contest
SERIES 3

JUDGE'S PUZZLE PICTURES

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13.....

14.....

15.....

16.....

17.....

18.....

HERE are six pictures. Each indicates the date of an important event connected with the **CIVIL WAR.** We have $250 to give to the ten most successful of our readers who solve these six illustrations and eighteen (18) others, twelve of which appeared in the last two issues of JUDGE, and six which will appear in JUDGE next week. This puzzle competition is not inaugurated for the purpose of securing subscriptions to JUDGE, neither is it confined to JUDGE'S subscribers; it is open to everybody, whether he or she is a subscriber or not. The Puzzle Department is for the sole purpose of affording amusement and instruction to all of JUDGE'S friends. The essential features which will be considered by us in making the rewards, in conjunction with the correctness of the answers, will be the celerity and the general neatness with which the solutions are sent in to us.

A Total of $250

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2d	"	"		**30**
3d	"	"		**25**
4th	"	"		**20**
5th	"	"		**15**
6th	"	"		**10**
7th	"	"		**10**
8th	"	"		**5**
9th	"	"		**5**
10th	"	"		**5**

READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (***holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 1067***) and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; ***then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner,*** to the "JUDGE PRIZE PUZZLE DEPT., 110 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 1067. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture can be given on any one sheet without causing confusion. You need not send a second set of solutions to the whole twenty-four puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, *all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.* Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions. The correct answers to the puzzles in Contest No. 1, are published on another page of this issue. The names of the successful puzzle solvers in the first contest will be published next week.

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1. The tough kid—"Carry yer baggage to der ferry, boss, fer a dime!"
Old Pinchpenny—"Git out *with you!* You *couldn't* carry it."

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2. The tough kid—"Oh, I guess yes! Gee! dis is dead easy. It's like findin' money."

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